

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS



Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

Vol. 7 No. 8

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## The Seeds of Prejudice

Bigotry Is Planted Early, Often by a Casual Remark

It is more than likely you have certain deep-rooted prejudices. Of course, you may say you do not, and you may actually think you do not. In practice, however, most of us are not free from prejudice; we cling to opinions formed without good reason, and we frequently make judgments without sufficient examination of the facts.

If very few of us are free from prejudices, where do we get them? One thing is certain: we were not born with them. Heredity gives us many things, but one of the things it does not give us is our attitude toward our fellows. How then do we acquire our prejudices, often at a very tender age?

### Childhood Influences

A very few examples are needed to show how prejudices are instilled in the minds of the very young, often unwittingly. Suppose you, for instance, were playing one day with the children who lived around the corner. You were five or six years old at the time and certainly without any idea of differences in nationality.

After playing with these children all afternoon, you came home and told your parents about it. Suppose your father said, possibly with no bad intention at all, "Oh, you've been playing with the Dago kids." Or he might have said, if he had strong prejudices himself, "I don't want you playing with those dirty Wops."

An idea had been placed in your mind; Italians are "Wops" or "Dagoes" to you. If "dirty" were used in conjunction with these terms, the combination sticks in your mind. Italians are Wops, and they are dirty, a term familiar to a child and carrying with it a sense of badness.

### Birth of Prejudice

The instances could be multiplied over and over again, simply by changing the nationalities involved. Depending on your own nationality, race, or religion, the prejudice planted in your mind could be directed against the Irish, the Poles, the Catholics, the Jews, the Negroes.

The manner in which prejudice is sown casually is demonstrated by a few of the stock phrases which are part and parcel of the national idiom and which become part of the vocabulary of every child. Such phrases as "nigger in the wood pile," "jew him down," "get my Irish up," are not important in themselves, but they do show to what extent various prejudiced and mistaken ideas have entered into our national thinking.

The enumerating of the various pat phrases and clichés about races and nationalities could go on and on. The important thing is that in our formative years we pick up stock ideas of what people belonging to a certain group will be like; we learn standard patterns into which we expect them to fall. Without ever realizing where we got our ideas, we may end up with a deep-seated set of prejudices which will make straight thinking on the subject of

race, color, or nationality virtually impossible.

Circumstances and incidents in later life can continue to nourish and extend the growth of these prejudices, the seeds of which were planted in our minds as children. Often in adults, prejudice is based on a nameless fear, a feeling of insecurity. Inter-racial tensions and inter-nationality conflicts are at their worst when economic tension is at its highest.

The vocabulary of prejudice is a complete one. Almost invariably it starts off with, "I'm not prejudiced, but..." Then will follow, not a statement about an individual Catholic, Jew, Negro, or other minority group member, but a general and sweeping judgment about the entire group.

In various parts of this country, the statement might be, "I'm not prejudiced, but these Catholics take their orders from Rome on political matters, and you can't trust any of them." You happen to know how unfounded this statement is, how much the speaker is the victim of prejudice.

### Jews

Take another often repeated statement. It runs something like this: "Some of my best friends are Jews, and heaven

(Continued on page 8)

## A CORRECTION

Last month we failed to note that the matter for the article "Why Have an Interracial Program" was taken from a series of six talks which Mr. Emanuel A. Romero gave to the Staff Workers and Volunteers of Friend-

ship House in the fall of 1945 under the general topic "Living Interracially." In this series Mr. Romero covered the whole field of Catholic Interracial work. We merely used what was pertinent to Friendship House.

JOY  
is the  
echo  
of  
God's life  
in us.

Dom Marmion

## Incident in Mexico

By ADOLPH SCHALK

"How disgusting!" muttered the pouchy tourist, assuming his best look of disapproval. "We come to Catholic Mexico and see a Thieves' Market where crooks offer part of their loot to the Blessed Virgin, and now come to visit a beautiful cathedral only to be exposed to the ravings of a mad peasant woman making fists before the statue of Our Lady."

"Most revolting," echoed his obsequious friends, to whom the Mexicans were foreigners, even though the tourists were really the strangers and the Mexicans were the inhabitants.

But it was true. There before them was a big-framed peasant woman scolding the statue of Our Lady and shaking her fist at her. Finally, breaking into sobs, the woman walked away and slowly left the Church, leaving her lack of manners and dignity at the disposal of the frowning tourists.

When they had all gone, another visitor from the United States and her Mexican friend were talking about this incident, which they had seen and overheard.

"I don't know what to make of it," the girl from the States admitted.

"None of the visitors do," answered the Mexican. "That is because they do not understand either the Mexican temperament or their own souls. It is true that we Mexicans have thieves and sinners

(Continued on page 7)

## II. Epiphany

By Mary Quinlin

In the recurring feasts of the liturgical year, the Church makes present to us the mysteries of Christ's life on earth by which we were redeemed. The Church is His continuation in the world of time; we members of the Mystical Body are His continuation in our own human flesh on earth. Christ Himself reigns glorified in heaven, the God-Man sitting at the right hand of the Father.

In the course of each year we on earth celebrate His life, from His conception to His Ascension, living it feast by feast and season by season. There is, however, a duality of reference in the liturgy—that is, there are two aspects of the commemoration of any feast as it occurs and illuminates our own individual lives. In the first we actually live the mystery; in the second we carry over into our own life the principle or example of Christ which is shown forth in the mystery. Let us see how this applies in the liturgy of Epiphany.

Very often the Communion Antiphon of the Mass of a feast is the admonition or reminder of the Church to the Christian who has just received Christ's Body—become flesh of His Flesh and there-

fore identifiable with Him—to show forth in Himself the mystery celebrated or pointing out that his assistance at Mass that day has made him so show it forth. The Communion Antiphon of the Epiphany is an example of this: "We have seen His star in the East, and are come with gifts to adore the Lord." Note the present tense. We are today—on the feast of Epiphany—the Three Kings, representing the whole of the human race, to whom our Lord was manifesting Himself. By attending Mass we have indeed shown forth our faith in the Redeemer, come to acknowledge Him our King, brought Him in the Offertory of the Mass the gift of our selves, our life, all our living. More than that, we have offered ourselves conjoined with Him to the heavenly Father as the supreme gift of adoration, and we have received Him into our bodies and His very life into our souls, so that we are in truth one with Him.

Epiphany, we remember means "manifestation." The feast recalls three great manifestations of Himself in our Lord's life: the visit of the Magi, the changing of wine

(Continued on page 7)

## Journey of Reconciliation

By HOMER A. JACK

Several years back, Mrs. Irene Morgan boarded an interstate bus in Gloucester County, Virginia, for Maryland. She was asked to sit in the "colored" section of the bus. Instead of acquiescing to this segregation or even reluctantly accepting it, Mrs. Morgan refused to move from a seat in the "white" section and was arrested for breaking the Virginia Jim Crow laws. Her objection became the substance of a long legal battle (Irene Morgan vs. Commonwealth of Virginia), which eventually reached the United States Supreme Court. On June 3, 1946, that court announced an historic decision penetrating the iron curtain of Jim Crow in the South: it decreed that state laws demanding racial segregation of interstate passengers on motor carriers were unconstitutional since segregation on buses was "an undue burden on interstate commerce." In a later decision the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia interpreted the Morgan decision to apply also to interstate train travel.

This was one of the few suc-

cessful legal attacks on Jim Crow in the South. Several bus companies immediately announced that they reserved the right to seat passengers and would continue to segregate Negroes to insure the public safety. A southern governor threatened to stop every interstate bus coming into his territory and make the passengers walk across the state line, then buy intrastate tickets.

Customs precede legal decisions or customs follow them—and some customs follow some legal decisions more slowly than others. It was on the hunch that southern customs were not following the Morgan decision very quickly that the Fellowship of Reconciliation (for) with the aid of the Congress of Racial Equality (core) decided to sponsor a "Journey of Reconciliation" through the upper South.

The Journey was not meant to be just another testing of existing laws. It was primarily to ascertain whether an unpopular court decision could be enforced by using the spirit of aggressive good-will

(Continued on page 6)



## HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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## IT ALL GOES TOGETHER

The Lay Apostolate is young. The Lay Apostolate is new. And because of its newness and its youth—it is all shining and clean, like a field just washed with the spring rains. It is also vibrantly alive, a dancing flame of love that lightens the dark corners of the earth that it comes to work in. It is a song, a choir singing as it deals with poverty, sin and hopelessness in the ruined temples of men's hearts and souls. . . . Yes, it is all of that and more. . . .

But its very youth, its shining, singing newness, simplicity, purity of intentions, zeal and hence beauty, can become a grave danger to its very soul. For Evil forever seeks out the young, the fearless, the gay servants of the Lord, to work its dark deeds on. Nothing pleases It more than the ruination of youth. . . . Youth of body, of soul, mind and heart.

That is why the lay apostles must walk in awareness. Realizing that they are only as strong as their love, trust and faith in God is. That they are what they are—His little ones—through His grace. That they work only in Him, through Him, for Him. And so they will do well to surround themselves with such helps as the Lord and His Holy Church offer to all their children.

The first of these are the men appointed by God to guide them. Lay Apostolates cannot truly be called such unless their works, as well as they themselves, are integrated into the apostolate of the hierarchy. Which means that they have at least the silent approbation of the Ordinary of their diocese. That they are under the direction of a priest-moderator. That each does all the possible and impossible to walk in the shadow of a personal spiritual director. For not only does grace come to man through men, but so infinite are the pitfalls of the Royal Road to God (sown there by the Prince of Evil) that only those ordained unto the Holy Ghost can show us—lay folks—how even virtue can lead to hell. . . . For the Devil is the most intelligent being after the Lord Himself, and knows how to tempt even through virtue, those who cannot be tempted through sin. . . .

To give but one example—namely making a God out of a virtue, instead of using it to serve God, would become idolatry, and lead the soul into Stygian darkness instead of the land of light, which it was meant to do.

Second on the list of helps is prayer. The Mass, of course, daily. Such liturgical prayers as are said in common in a given group. And then the great spiritual exercise of meditation. . . . Where savouring daily the words of God, the apostle becomes familiar with them, and knowledge leading to love, sees his love of God grow like a beautiful flower before His face.

Contemplation—the silent “looking at God, and letting God look at you”—that concentrates one's mind, heart and soul on the Person of God Himself . . . and in which the Infinite Sea of LOVE THAT GOD IS, draws one into its warm depths, from which one comes refreshed and strengthened beyond measure . . . and from which one really, truly catches the art of loving, as it cannot be caught anywhere else.

Last, but not least, oh no . . . comes the prayer that is the fruit of Mass, vocal, meditative and contemplative

## WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP HOUSE?

Friendship House is a way of life dedicated to combating the heresy of racism, by hitting at its roots in this country where racism is commonly accepted, even by Catholics who do not realize that the Jim Crow heresy is heresy and has been so proclaimed by Pius XI and XII.

Friendship House is a means by which one may keep a Date With Christ.

## Antidote for Sectarianism

DONALD ATTWATER

There is a lot of energy being wasted by some Catholics and non-Catholics who spend their time trading verbal punches on the front pages of the nation's press. Such a pugnacious, chip-on-the-shoulder attitude is far from the spirit of Christ and actually stands in the way of making the modern world Christian.

Several weeks ago Pius XII pointed out that the needs of our time are so urgent that Catholics should cooperate wholeheartedly with all men of good will in restoring the world to Christ. There is no place in Christianity for a selfish, sectarian, “walled-in” attitude.

Recently we came across a litany which has been approved by the Cardinal Archbishop of Antioch for the use of Catholics of the Syrian rite. For those Catholics who hate Jews, who segregate Negroes, and who look down upon their



Protestant brothers, the following litany is an appropriate and beautiful prayer:

For the many times we have looked at the speck in the eye of our non-Catholic brothers and sisters, rather than at their sincere faith and preservation and good will—Lord, forgive us.

For our sarcasm, narrow-mindedness and exaggerations in controversy, and our hardness and severe judgments in their regard—Lord, forgive us.

For the bad example that we give in our lives, thereby discouraging, lessening, or even destroying the effect of Thy grace in their souls—Lord, forgive us.

For our forgetfulness to pray for them often, warmly, and with brotherly love—Lord, forgive us.

In spite of our ignorance of one another, of our prejudices,

prayer. . . . THE PRAYER OF THE CONSTANT PRESENCE OF GOD. . . . In which all these prayers, as well as all work, action, recreation . . . all life . . . becomes a constant prayer . . . and life can be expressed in the words of the Book of Wisdom—“I WAS WITH HIM . . . AND WAS DELIGHTED EVERY DAY, PLAYING BEFORE HIM AT ALL TIMES . . . PLAYING IN THE WORLD. . . .” For a soul that walks in the constant presence of God, as a lay apostle should . . . does PLAY BEFORE HIM . . . AND IS DELIGHTED EVERY DAY. . . . To such a soul life is indeed already part and parcel of that eternity men hope and wait for . . . and Evil and its Prince cannot touch it. . . . And their youth will be eternal . . . renewed daily at His altar . . . and it will be His youth. Yes . . . the Lay Apostolate is young. The Lay Apostolate is new. . . . Let it keep its youth . . . let it keep its newness . . . always.

## Around the Chicago House

By Mary Clinch

Rosemary Grundi, whose hobby is interior decorating, is doing a yeoman's job of planning and directing the face-lifting of our new quarters. She is a busy, young school teacher all day, and since late summer has been putting in Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings and all day Saturday each week painting walls, floors and furniture at FH. She has a few other demands on her time too like attending Co-Op meetings and holding office in another interracial organization. Quite a record in the service of God and neighbor.

But this one volunteer can not do the whole job alone. We need people to work with her on the painting crew. Some helpers have been appearing regularly but there are not enough of them.

If any of our Chicago readers would like to swing a paint brush for the cause of interracial justice, they should report immediately to 4233 S. Indiana Ave. or call Atlantic 6518.

If you are a desk or factory worker, the chances are that you will find great joy in working with your hands. Don't worry about your clothes. You can wear a pair of our overalls. We have your size. And we have a job for you, one in which you will be working for God.

The end of 1947 found the Chicago House giving thanks not only for donated paint and volunteer decorators but for gifts given by four Chicago unions of extensive electrical, plumbing, lathing and plastering work, gifts of workers and materials by a construction man, expert, free advice from a lawyer and an insurance man. The list of such

and of our dislikes—Jesus, make us one.

In spite of our differences of language, color, and nationality—Jesus make us one.

O God, for Thine own greater glory—Bring together us separated Christians.

O God, for the triumph of goodness and truth—Bring together.

O God, that there may be only one sheepfold for the one Shepherd—Bring together.

O God, that peace may reign in the world—Bring together.

O God, to fill the heart of Thy Son with joy—Bring together.

Reprint from Orate Fratres Sept. 1947

generous acts as these is endless.

The year was marked by some trials and many great gifts from God. It was a year in which we felt in the pits of our stomachs that FH in Chicago would fold up. We were being evicted and there was no vacant building for rent in the overcrowded South Side. There was an abandoned factory for sale which was basically well suited to FH work, having a store window and plenty of space. But the interior was a shambles and would require thousands of dollars worth of repair work. And it cost \$18,000. As far as we were concerned it might as well have been \$18,000,000. We had nothing.

We continued to pray. The owner of the building now offered it to us for \$15,000 if we would pay the full price in a month. This was impossible. We agreed to do it.

Such things are impossible, of course, unless one realizes that the apostolate is the work of God and will continue if He wants it to no matter how hopeless things are, humanly speaking.

We remember an exhausted Ann Harrigan telling a crowd jammed into the FH library and overflowing into the kitchen: “I don't know how we are going to do it but we are going to get the house and continue this work. With God's help we will do it.”

The sight of such faith fired everyone. A building fund committee arose somehow. High school children collected dimes for Friendship House. We received loans without interest. Our neighbors, our volunteers, other apostolates, everyone helped us whether they could afford it or not.

Mrs. X wrote enclosing 50 cents. She wanted to give us \$10.00 but she was on relief and could send it only in installments of 50 cents a month.

Because of many a widow's mite, Friendship House finds itself entering its sixth year in Chicago with a roof over its head and adequate space for all its activities. We ask our readers to join with us in thanking God for these gifts and to pray with us for more colored and white vocations to our way of life so that we may expand our program in 1948.

Highlighting the Christmas season at Chicago FH was the operetta, Hansel and Gretel, presented by a group of children under the direction of Miss Tena Roseman on Sunday, December 14. Miss Roseman, who is dean of the Chicago Volunteers, thus began the scholarship fund which is being raised to send a boy or girl to a Catholic college or university.

We wish you a very happy and holy New Year.

Just as the Gospels contain the whole of Christian thought, so the savings bank book is the book which contains the whole of modern thought. It alone is strong enough to stand up against the Gospels, for it is the book of money, which is Anti-Christ.

—Charles Peguy



# Thy Neighbor As Thy Self

Sermon of the Rev. Philemon Merrill, at the Solemn High Mass of Rev. Martin Porter, S.C.J., at Holy Trinity Church, Detroit, Michigan. Guests of the Catholic Interracial Council on October 12, 1947.

Father Porter, Reverend Fathers, Venerable Sisters, Members of the Catholic Interracial Council of Detroit and their friends and supporters; Kts. of St. Peter Claver, Members of Most Holy Trinity Parish:

First, the Catholic Interracial Council desires to welcome all of you to this, its day-long quarterly meeting. We hope you will enjoy the various features of the program.

Then, we need to express publicly our gratitude to Father Kern, the pastor, and to the members of this parish, who are our hosts.

Part of our purpose in being here is to honor Father Herman A. Porter, the celebrant of the Mass, and to congratulate him upon his recent ordination to the Sacred Priesthood. We rejoice with him in the great confidence Our Lord and Mother Church have reposed in him. May his holy ministry be fruitful to souls, his life a blessing to himself, his race, and his fellow-men.

The intention of the Mass being celebrated is to thank Almighty God for the favors bestowed upon the work of the Council; and to invoke His blessings upon the members, their families, and the benefactors of the Council.

Personally, I consider it a high honor to be privileged to speak at Father Porter's Mass and to offer the council members and their friends a word of spiritual counsel and inspiration.

"Thou shalt love . . . thy neighbor as thyself." (Lk. x. 27.)

My dear friends in Christ: Let us imagine a man standing before the judgment seat of Almighty God and pleading his case. The stern Judge demands, "And what have you done that I should overlook your many grave offenses? All your life has exhibited every sort of weakness and malice. How many times have I lent an ear of mercy when you begged for forgiveness? And how little time has it always been before you returned again to the mire?"

But the sinner retorts, "O Lord, my sins have been but weakness of the body and of the mind. There has been no malice. Through it all I have loved You steadily. And You, Yourself, have said that he who loves You shall not taste death forever. In love of You is to be found all mercy and all forgiveness."

"Did you love Me?" the Lord will insist. "What about the many times you have given pain to your fellow-men, have hurt their feelings, have embarrassed them, have made them uneasy, unhappy, have injured them in their bodies or in their souls, in their purses or in their good names? Did you never hear that I said, 'He who says that he loves God and hates his neighbor is a liar'? Therefore, depart from Me, accursed one, into everlasting hell-fire, which was prepared from the beginning for the devil and his angels!"

My dear brothers and sisters in the Lord, if you want to know how to go to Hell, the

Holy Scriptures make it clear. There is a one-way, steeply down-hill, smoothly greased way to Hell, and that is by failing to love one's neighbor. It is a commandment. The Master of all does not say, "It would be a gracious gesture . . ." He says, "You must!" "Whatsoever you do to the least of these, my brethren, you do to me." We are commanded to love our neighbor or to forfeit God's love. There is no third choice. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Too often we are enchanted by words alone; as though the sounds themselves bore some magic. We all know the commandment, having so often heard it. And because we know theoretically the words, we delude ourselves into thinking that we, therefore, in fact do love our neighbors. One should analyze the manner in which he loves himself, and then realize that God demands that we love our neighbor in exactly the same way.

What do these words mean? If they mean anything, they mean that we must love our neighbor with the same tendency or end and with the same properties or qualities by which we love ourselves. Exactly how do we love ourselves?

Man's end or aim in life is his own happiness. He was made to be happy both here and hereafter. His every hope, desire, ambition and action is directed toward procuring the happiness of body and mind and soul for which he was made by his Creator. Everything which frustrates that tendency is contrary to his nature. We tend, consequently, to seek our real happiness, principally in the next life, if we are wise, but also in this present existence.

Now then, if we are to say truthfully that we love our neighbor as ourselves, we must conduct ourselves toward our neighbor by this same tendency. We must aim in all our thoughts and words and actions to procure our neighbor's happiness here and hereafter. Our neighbor is a human creature like ourselves. He has the same natural feelings which we have. Therefore, we are to judge of the effect of our conduct upon him from the effect a similar conduct from others has upon us. The Wise Man says, "Judge of the dispositions of thy neighbor by thyself." (Ecclus. xxxi. 18). Thus, for example, we might examine ourselves: How do I feel when I am not noticed by others?



When I am slighted? When some are given special courtesy, and I am barely tolerated? When I am made to feel that my presence is an embarrassment to others?

Remember: So your neighbor feels, when you conduct yourself in such a manner toward him. If then you slight him, ignore his need of recognition or of friendliness, are embarrassed by his presence, then you do not love your neighbor as yourself; and you cannot claim to love God either.

Hence arise two general rules for practice of love of neighbor, one negative, the other positive: first, "See thou never do to another what thou wouldst hate to have done to thee by another." (Tob. iv. 16.) and the other: "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do also to them." (Mt. vii. 12.). The love we have for ourselves makes us wish for such treatment from our fellow creatures as contributes to make us happy. We are pleased and satisfied when they behave toward us in such manner; we are uneasy and discontented when they treat us otherwise. Consequently, if we love our neighbor as ourselves, if we wish his happiness as we wish our own, we must be careful to do to him, in order to make him happy, all those things we would wish others to do to us were we in his particular position.

In the second place, we must love our neighbor not only with this same general tendency toward happiness which love for self has, but also with the same sort of love. The properties or qualities of our self-love are three: leniency of judgment, sincerity, and effectiveness or practicality. Thus we must love our neighbor with love of the same leniency, sincerity, and effectiveness.

In judging ourselves, love of self makes us always most favorable toward ourselves, our intentions, and our actions. Where undeniable malice does not appear, we are always willing to put the best interpretation upon our actions. We are ingenious in finding a thousand pretexts to excuse our conduct in the eyes of the world. We have a great aversion to condemnation of ourselves. We hate criticism to be directed against us. We are most careful to hide our imperfections from others. We stand most careful guard over our reputations and honor. We always desire that others have the

same favorable opinion of us that we have of ourselves.

But then, if we really love our neighbor as ourselves, we must also judge our neighbor in like manner. The law of God requires love which abjures all rash judgments, suspicions and jealousies, all uncharitable opinions and interpretations of our neighbor's conduct.

We love ourselves with a sincere love. We may profess to love others, although we do not love them at all. Or we may profess to love them more than we actually do. But this is not true of the love we have for ourselves.

There is to be found real, honest, true unfailing, sincere love, if there is such a thing at all. There is love more true and faithful and sincere than that of any mother for child, of any spouse for his beloved. From our very heart we wish ourselves well-being and happiness.

In such a manner must we love our neighbor. God commands it. "With a brotherly love, from a sincere heart, love one another earnestly." (I Pet. i. 22.). "Let love be without dissimulation . . ." (Rom. xii. 9.).

Finally, we love ourselves with an efficacious love, a love demonstrated by action. We are not content with only wishing ourselves well, or not wishing ourselves evil. We are diligent day and night in our endeavors to acquire those things which we know or imagine will contribute to our well-being.

Such therefore, also must be our love for our neighbor. Hence the Scriptures say: "He that hath the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the love of God abide in him? My little children, let us not love in word nor tongue, but in deed and in truth." (I Jn. iii. 17.). "And if a brother or sister be naked, and want daily food, and one of you say to them: Go in peace, Be you warmed and filled—yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit?" (Jas. ii. 15.).

That is the meaning of those words, upon which our whole salvation depends: "Thou must love thy neighbor as thyself." Our self-love tends to make us do everything to procure happiness here and hereafter.

Our self-love is favorable to ourselves in judgment, is sincere, is efficacious. To love our neighbor as ourselves

means to have toward him that same endency, those same qualities. Otherwise, the man who says that he loves his neighbor is but mouthing words. That man is a liar.

## Mother's Club News

Everybody had a good time at the shower given by the Mother's Club of Friendship House for Belle Bates who has been assisting the officers and members run things smoothly for the last four years. She was presented with a white satin purse made by Mrs. Drew, containing a collection taken up among the members. This amount will be a big help towards the housekeeping needs which will be Belle's after January 17th when she will become Mrs. James Mullin of Westwood, N. J. All members of the Club will miss her warmth which she projected into the efficiency with which she took care of numerous details, but we hope she will visit us often. Our heartiest wishes go out to both Jim and Belle for a long life of happiness as a model Christian family.

Now that the holidays are over, we shall expect our little get-togethers again at the Friday sewing bee. We know that many of the mothers will be with us during the Convention and helping to celebrate the coming anniversary of Friendship House in big style! Be seen' you—at Friendship House!

## State and Federal FMPC Laws Endorsed By Forum Speakers

Hope for passage by Congress in 1948 of a permanent Federal Fair Employment Practices Commission was expressed at a conference sponsored jointly by the Catholic Interracial Council, the Negro Labor Committee, the Jewish Labor Committee and the Presbyterian Institute of Industrial Relations at the Carroll Club here. Rev. Allan Knight Chalmers, co-chairman of the National Council for a Permanent FEPC, acted as Chairman of the morning round-table discussion. On the panel were Elmer F. Henderson, executive secretary of the National Council; Julian J. Reiss, prominent Catholic businessman who served for two years on the New York State Commission Against Discrimination; and George L. P. Weaver, director, National C.I.O. Committee to Abolish Discrimination.

"Catholic University . . . is an outstanding example of successful interracial education."

—"To Serve These Rights"

Report of the Pres. Committee on Civil Rights



## Harlem Reporter

By M. C. K.

This Christmas we treated Santa better. Instead of airplane cement we got him spirit gum with which to stick his whiskers on. He just fit the suit which Betty Tyburcy and Miss Ritterman made last year to save us the \$10.00 rental for a suit. He really did bring presents as well as refreshments for the party. During the rest of the year he is a colored leader of a veterans' group beside his regular job. When one little girl said, "Are you real, Santa Claus?" He silenced her by posing the philosophical question, "Are you real?" She had apparently never had anyone doubt that fact before and it sidetracked her thoughts very successfully. He gave out the wonderful presents which your friends sent us, particularly the girls from New Rochelle, Sister Attracta (she has been bedridden for thirty years, but what a lot of good she does) and several other groups. You should have seen the delight of the Tiny Tots, Girl Scouts, and Brownies. The teen age boys didn't fare too well, alas, but we gave them horns to express their disappointment. Father Dugan, our moderator, arrived with a fine box of clothes and he and his two helpers came to the Tiny Tots' party. Father received quite an ovation but when we let his big helpers in, the children waiting outside for the next party said in reproachful tones, "That's dirty, teacher." But the big boys earned their ice cream.

Whoever sent the little piano should have seen Shelia when she got it. She loved it so much she wanted to take it away from her bigger brother (age 6) and carry it home herself. So we gave her a little high chair to keep her hands occupied. It will make the one room where the family of five live more cheerful. We are so grateful to these unseen people who give us the means to bring joy to our little neighbors.

Belle Bates who is being married Jan. 17th to Jim Mullin has had two lovely showers; a personal one from Mrs. McTernan in Roselle, N. J., and a kitchen one from the vols in Harlem. The fellows chipped in to buy her a pressure cooker. Solos were sung very well by Mariel Zimmerman, Bill Battle, and Al Patterson. Al surprised us by choosing to recite James Weldon Johnson's "Go Down, Death" but we switched our mood and were inspired by the grandeur of the poem. Our Russian Choir outdid itself. We hate to lose Belle after five years at FH but we'll get over to N. J. to cook hot dogs at the outdoor fireplace by the brook of the Mullin menage, if the mosquitoes don't drive us out.

The Riverton housing project is giving us some grand neighbors. Col. & Mrs. Hooper, Don & Nancy DuBois, Elise Cheeseborough, and Ellen Tarry are among them. There will be trees and a playground half a block from us. I hope the playground won't be one of those cement ovens that are so repulsive in summer.

A very bitter young man came to supper at Madonna Flat one night. He wanted to know why he had to be on trial by his white coworkers on his job. It is really very illogical that he should be judged by members of a group which stole his ancestors' sold them for money, treated them like animals, and still denies them the rights of Americans

after 300 years spent in building up the country. He felt that violence was the only answer he was capable of making. We tried to point out that from a natural viewpoint Negroes were outnumbered 10 to 1 in this country, so violence couldn't win. Also that the whites' fear of the Negroes, unreasonable and unfounded as it is, would only be increased by violence. Supernaturally, Christians should hunger and thirst after justice but also turn the other cheek. This requires faith and much grace from God. Margaret said that she couldn't do this before she became a Catholic, but now she does turn the cheek whenever she is insulted and has found the peace of Christ. This personal experience interested the young

## As the Jim Crow Flies

By BETTY SCHNEIDER

City Council hearings prompted by Alderman DuBois and the Citizens' Association of Chicago charges of mismanagement and inefficiency, resulted in a clean bill of health for the Chicago Housing Authority. With them the first full scale attack against the two Chicago Public Agencies, The Mayor's Committee on Human Relations and the Chicago Housing Authority, was allayed. A triumph for democracy was gained in the full endorsement of the C.H.A.'s policy of racial non-discrimination. However, the battle is not yet over, and only a Pyrrhic victory has been gained, if the openings coming up in the housing authority are not replaced with men who have the common good at heart.

Recently F. H. was placed in the difficult spot of helping a group of high school students prepare for a debate—"Resolved: That the Condition of the Negro Today has Justified His Freedom from Slavery." The topic chosen from a well-known text in so-

## Hymn to Our Lord

O God, my refuge and my hope  
My only sure defense—  
O guide me where I blindly grope  
—And give me common sense.

O God of beauty and of power  
O Vision of the Blest,  
To Whom an age is but an hour  
—Teach me to do my best.

O God of heroes burnt and torn,  
Of high and holy way—  
In Whom all nature is reborn—  
—Help me in common day.

O God Whose Face the Seraphim  
Are prostrate to adore,  
Teach me to touch Thy garment's hem  
—And ask no more!

—Dorothy Hoag Terp.

man. I think he was supposed to be a Catholic as he made the sign of the cross at Compline. He said he sometimes wished that he had never learned to read as his secular education depressed him so. He talked and helped in the library till ten o'clock but said that he wasn't coming back, so please pray for him and for us that the Holy Ghost may send us light to lead those who are in darkness and despair.

Everything that happens to me calls for adoration.

—Leon Bloy

Interested in the Liturgy?

Read "The Living Parish" published six times a year. Pio Decimo Press, Box 53, Baden Station, St. Louis, 15, Mo. \$1 "Altar and Home" published monthly by Conception Abbey Press, Conception, Mo.—50c a year "Orate Fratres" published monthly except July and August when one issue is published.—\$2.50 a year.

cial science, was approved by the teachers. And apparently no one in the group recognized the insidiousness of it, nor the moral questions involved in the title itself. The affirmative won. Everything was done to impress on the students that they had no right to decide whether or not human beings should have their God-given rights. Let's hope we succeeded.

The preceding incident makes the news of plans for intercultural education in Chicago, under the new Superintendent of Schools, Harold Hunt, all the more heartening. The exact method of procedure has not been determined. It is to go much further than adding a unit on "prejudice" to the already overcrowded curriculum, and the plan is to have "teeth" in it so that it applies to all the Chicago schools, and not just those in areas of minority groups.

Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., has accepted Negro girls in its school of nursing. A step in the right

## First Negro Phone Operator at Illinois Bell

Two young women, both colored, sat down at a Chicago switchboard October 6th. They thus became the first Negro operators to work for the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. About 30 other Negroes have been accepted for the company's offices throughout the Chicago area. This is an exclusive story told by one of the first two—Constance Brown, 20, a graduate of DuSable High School.

(As Told to Bob Sensor)

You'd think that I had signed a movie contract or something. I was so excited that I could hardly sleep or eat or talk. I kept telling myself, "Look here, Connie. Lots of people have gotten jobs as telephone operators." But I was still excited. Because I was one of the first two Negro operators hired by the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. Friends of mine said we were making history in Chicago.

A long time ago, I applied for clerical work at the company. They said there was no opening. One morning last month they called me up to say there was still no clerical opening, but would I like to be a telephone operator.

I just fell through the floor when I heard that, and I could only say, "Sure, sure," as though I didn't know any word.

At 9 o'clock in the morning a week later, I went to work. I went to work—not in the Negro section but in one of the big telephone buildings downtown. I saw thousands of other telephone operators, and I wondered whether they had felt as nervous on their first day. I saw them nudge each other and whisper when I passed by, and I wondered what they were saying.

One of the officials had a warning for us—for Mrs. Gwendolyn Casey (the other Negro hired) and me. He said that we should expect a few "problems" at first, but everything would turn out smoothly. Nobody else made any reference to our color—at least not when we were around. Dozens and dozens of people, officials mostly, came up to us and said, "How do you do, we hope you like it here." We smiled back our best smiles and said that we were sure we would.

And yet it was plain after a while that we didn't quite "belong" yet. We wanted to be friends with the other operators. Some of them seemed to want to break the ice, but during the first two weeks, none of them did.

I thought that perhaps I wasn't meeting them half way. So one day during lunch I joined a group of music-lovers in the lounge room. They were singing, so I sat down at the piano near them and played along. I played a couple of popular songs—as much of them as I could remember.

One of the girls said, "Excuse me, I've got to see Janie." Pretty soon everyone had drifted away from the piano, and I was there playing "Sophisticated Lady" all alone. I didn't feel very sophisticated.

I knew that it wasn't impossible for me to get along with white girls. During the war, when my father was stationed on the East Coast, I

direction, no doubt, but it gives indication of what is to be done, when we remember that Providence is one of nine Catholic Nursing Schools in the U. S. who admit Negroes. There are 368.

The other day, a friend of ours applied for a reservation to New York City on one of the luxury coach trains. She was told "We have only one chair left and it is next to a Negro." Need we say that the reservation was taken, and that the railway employee received a short, indoctrination course in interracialism, even though the holiday rush was on.

worked as another kind of operator—an elevator operator—in a Portland department store. I got along fine with the rest of the employees. They didn't hold my skin color against me, and I became close friends with some of them.

I know that there are all kinds of people at my new job—but I'm sure we'll get acquainted soon. The other day a few of the girls went to lunch with us. One of them said: "Don't worry—the girls will come around before long."

My work, as I go through the regular six-month training period, helps me keep my mind off such matters. The job is so fascinating—much more so than going up and down on an elevator, or selling candy bars and cigars at a South Side drug store as I did a while ago.

I'm learning abbreviations—CGO for Chicago and LSVL for Louisville. I'm learning to say "long distance," "nye-yun," and the other words with the proper inflection. My instructor still has me under her wings, but sometime this month I'll go solo.

It's a new world for Mrs. Casey and me. It's a new world too for the girls who are following us—the other Negroes who have been hired as operators in Illinois Bell offices throughout the state.

—Reprint from Work.

## Twelfth Native Nigerian Ordained Catholic Priest

ONITSHA, NIGERIA, Dec. 15.—Special—Father Godfrey Okeye, twelfth native in this section of Southern Nigeria to be ordained a Catholic priest, offered his first Mass here recently in the presence of a vast throng of relatives and friends.

Father Okeye, who became a Catholic some years ago, is the youngest of a family of eleven. Three brothers and a sister have also become Catholics.

This year 43,000 natives in the Onitsha-Qwerri vicariate became Catholics, bringing the total number of Catholics in the vicariate to the half-million mark.

The Holy Ghost Fathers, Irish priests, are in charge of the vicariate.





## The Baroness Jots It Down

Well we lived thru it. The Christmas party I mean. The first one we gave here at Madonna House. Of course we should have been forewarned. Haven't I dealt with children and Christmas parties for years? In Toronto, were there were almost 700 kids to prepare for? In Harlem New York City, where we started with forty and ended up with over three hundred. And in Chicago.

Yes, I should have known better...but didn't. But I am not sorry, not a tiny weeny bit sorry just the same. For it all began with my planning a party for the children of our little Catholic school of the Sacred Heart. About forty of them. Which was fine, until the kids themselves wanted to know if their brothers and sisters who either had finished school, or not yet started it, "could come too." Naturally I said—yes. That swelled the list to about double its original number. So far so good.

But Combermere being what it is—a lovely little village, with accent on "little," I began to be stopped on the main street by the children of the public school who wistfully wanted to know if they too would be in on the PARTY (it by now had assumed in the mind of all local kids this spelling in capitals). Now I ask you—would you have the heart to say No to any youngster at Christmas... So I said—yes, sure you are all welcome—and that added twenty-six more... then came THEIR little and big brothers and sisters... and I began losing count... losing count and worrying a wee bit for I had begged only for about fifty kids and now here we were well into the hundred, and no end in sight.

So, I started some powerful praying. What are Saints and Angels, for but to call on in emergencies? And wasn't this an emergency? I'll tell the world it was... But Saints and Angels came thru... and we had the swellest party you ever saw. A big nine-foot freshly-out-of-the-bush tree glistened with every decoration invented... Eddie was Santa, mask and all. Presents were piled up almost to the ceiling... THANK YOU SAINTS AND ANGELS IN HEAVEN AND SAINTS AND ANGELS ON EARTH WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE... We played games, sang songs, had a wonderful lunch on cookies baked by all the mothers of the kids (this was a true Community affair) and cocoa and candies donated partly by the local Woman's Institute. God is really good.

Eddie and I are cleaning and brushing our city clothes. For January is our city-month... We are leaving our beautiful white wilderness, to sail forth on a lecture tour. Chicago, Racine, Kansas City, Zanesville, Ohio, Carroll, Iowa, Washington, D. C. ... Quite a jaunt, if you ask me.

And then New York and the Friendship House yearly Convention when all the members of our family gather together to discuss the work, and ways and means of bettering it and ourselves. This year is sort of very special.

For as I wrote before, it is the TENTH ANNIVERSARY of Friendship House's foundation in Harlem N.Y.C. And I am looking forward to it, for we hope that His Eminence Cardinal F. Spellman will say our Anniversary Mass for us—or his representative. It will be a great and joyous day for all Friendship Houses, and their many friends. God is good indeed.

My book DEAR BISHOP, which I wrote in fear and trembling and yet certain that I had to write it, brought me many wonderful letters. Especially from the Reverend clergy. I want to thank all those who wrote. Because it was a hard book to write. Truth is always hard. Yet, it had to be told. My very soul went into that book. Such as it is. And I am so grateful to all those who wrote... because they understood why it had to be written... God indeed IS GOOD.

Humbly I beg those of my readers who have any children's books in their homes and do not need them anymore to send them to us here for our Children's Lending Library. The Bobbie Twins and their antics, Marjory Brown and her adventures... any good child's book is both needed and welcome. Send to Madonna House, Combermere, Ont. Canada. Thanks a million.

## THE HANDS OF A LAY-BROTHER

Not these the anointed hands that touch the Host,  
That turn the Missal pages, and that bless,  
That make the pardoning sign when we transgress  
To call back the indwelling Holy Ghost;

Not these the hands that along life's dim coast  
Gently take healing oils and on us press.  
Not these; and yet there is Divine caress  
In each tired finger of these littlemost.

These are the hands that labor all the day  
With Christ the Worker; toil-worn hands that trim  
The lamps about His throne; that bake the unleaven  
Which will become Himself; firm hands that pray  
Swift as they sweep, and serve, and open to Him  
Who will fling wide to them the doors of Heaven.

—Benjamin Francis Musser.

From, St. Anthony Messenger.

## Harlem Volunteers

An abundance of friends, food and gifts! That's what we had on Saturday, December 6, when the Vols gave Belle a surprise shower—that wasn't a surprise. The gifts presented were both pretty and practical. The Vols gave out with some spontaneous entertainment and everyone had a wonderful evening.

"Rebuilding Youth Through Catholic Action" was the substance of the talk given by Father Gallagher to the Volunteers at their regular meeting on Thursday, December 13. Father Gallagher, at the invitation of our Moderator, Father Dugan, shared with us his experiences with juvenile delinquents, and gave us some useful advice on handling children and forming future lay apostles.

There can be no social reform without the complete

## No Peace Without Change of Heart: Pope Pius XII

VATICAN CITY — Receiving Leon R. Thibaud, Haiti's recently appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Holy See, Pope Pius XII declared this week that peace efforts are doomed to failure unless they are accompanied by a sincere preparation of hearts, a return to wisdom and a lively recourse to religion.

M. Thibaud will represent the Negro republic in its relations with the Vatican as an independent state.

"It is becoming more and more evident that without a sincere preparation of heart all articles of the peace treaties and conventions will be nothing more than an incoherent effort and sterile repetition; no far-sighted man, no man instructed by the experience of history will dare to guarantee a long existence to those treaties," the Holy Father stated.

"Because it necessarily presupposes common sacrifice, together with mutual understanding," he continued, "it would be illusory to expect such a preparation of hearts from the simple play of laws and conventions with their imperfect sanctions, without a lively recourse to religion whose eternal motives are incomparably more noble and whose impulses are correspondingly more powerful."

## Meet Your Brother In Christ

"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus..."

The bright Brazilian sunlight filtered softly through the stained glass windows of the cathedral in Rio de Janeiro. It fell on the white hair of Jacintha. Her old eyes blinked a moment over the brilliant vestments of the distinguished ecclesiastical representatives gathered to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Dom Silverio Gomez Pimenta, Archbishop of Mariana. It was hard for Jacintha to believe that this throng had come to do honor to her brother. For she always remembered him as he had been when a young man. They did not know him then. Jacintha smiled a little to herself. How could they, she thought, remembering her own ninety years.

"Kyrie, eleison,  
Kyrie, eleison..."

The old woman caressed the rosary that lay in her worn brown hands. Caressed it gently as if she stroked the Infant Christ.

She found it difficult to follow the mass. Her thoughts skipped backwards now. She wanted to tell the people of Silverio. What he had been like. There were so many things to tell—so many.

Of the time just after their father, Antonio, died when Silverio, the oldest of five children, heard the smaller ones crying for bread—and saw the look on his mother's face that told him there was none. Of the many jobs at which the boy had worked in order to supplement the sum Porsina earned by taking in washing.

"I will be a priest, Jacintha," he had said one day. She had only looked at him with great pity. He must have sensed it for his answer was, "Oh yes. I will be a priest. Already uncle has helped me attend high school. I will work and," as if by inspiration, "I will write to the Bishop."

So at 22 Father Silverio was ordained a priest.

"Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi..."

There was so much work to be done: teaching, writing, fighting slavery, defending the

Church against a government dominated by Freemasons.

Then at 36, because of his piety, learning and zeal, chosen to govern the diocese of Mariana as Vicar General.

Some twenty years later he was named Bishop. These people did not know of the hardships he endured months away from home, riding horseback, wading through mountain streams. Often hungry and drenched with rain. No, they did not know of his hardships. Nor of his great and holy joy in his work.

Maybe he was a little smart. Jacintha never thought much about that. But maybe, speaking Portuguese, Latin, Italian, English, French, German, and knowing Greek and Hebrew and Arabic, and being a member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters. The Pope, Pius X that was, called him "Assistant to the Pontifical Throne." But somehow, praise God, he never became vain.

There were only two dates now that Jacintha could remember. One was August 30, 1922, when Silverio died—

"Ite Missa est."

And the other date sixteen years earlier when the diocese of Mariana was elevated to the rank of an Archdiocese and Silverio, a Negro, became its first Archbishop.

There was a flurry of altar boys. Then they were hidden from Jacintha's view by the people who stood while the priests and servers left the altar. Suddenly the organ poured forth tones of majestic triumph. And after a while was still.

Deo gratias.

It is characteristic of love to be impatient and extreme love is extremely impatient. Every Christian must need long for the glory of his God, and suffer horribly from the endless absence of that glory.

—Leon Bloy

himself and where he is supposed to be going and how: he will answer that those are religious questions, and that he has no time for them, being so deeply engaged with his butterflies. The thing is farcical but terrifying. One can make no sense of a man who gives so much attention to butterflies that he has none left for his own meaning. The little creatures should be flattered. But the man is hardly sane. And he is the perfect type of our world."

—Excerpts from "Theology & Sanity" by Frank Sheed.



The Volunteers celebrated the New Year in their usual manner with a party at Madonna Flat on New Year's Eve and early Mass at St. Francis. The Volunteers wish you all many blessings throughout the coming year.



## Journey of Reconciliation

(Continued from page 1)

or, more accurately, non-violent direct action. Both sponsoring organizations were pledged to this method: the Fellowship of Reconciliation, which is a religious pacifist group consisting of such leaders as Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Kirby Page and Howard Thurman, and the Congress of Racial Equality, a loose federation of local CORE groups, the members of which are not necessarily pacifists but are committed to the non-violent technique in solving interracial problems. Thus the participants in the Journey took with them a technique as old as Jesus and as contemporary as Gandhi, one which is much more concerned with transforming the wrongdoer than with inflicting retribution. The participants were concerned more with justice than with pride or even personal safety, and they tried to avoid bitterness and to maintain a spirit of self-giving love. In short, they were not passive non-resisters of the evil of segregation, but were active resisters of segregation in a non-violent manner. They used laws whenever possible, yet did not depend upon them. Thus the designation of the trip, Journey of Reconciliation.

The leaders of the Journey were George Houser, white, a Methodist minister and full-time secretary of the Racial-Industrial Committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Bayard Rustin, colored, staff member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and part-time lecturer for the American Friends Service Committee. The two leaders went, Jim Crow, over almost the entire itinerary several months beforehand to make the necessary preparations. Lawyers were retained in fourteen communities, thousands of dollars of bail money were secured, and more than thirty speaking engagements were scheduled. Besides Houser and Rustin, fourteen carefully selected men also participated in the Journey. They included an attorney, a musician, a scientist, four ministers (three Methodists, one Unitarian), and several editors, students and executive secretaries. Almost a third of the participants were Southerners and about half were Negroes. At least four members of the group had had their courage pre-tested as federal prisoners for being conscientious objectors during World War II.

I joined the Journey at Knoxville, Tennessee, on April 17. The group had been traveling since April 9, when they left Washington. Their itinerary had taken them to Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia, and Raleigh, Durham, Chapel Hill, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, and Asheville, North Carolina. On each lap members of the Journey traveled interracially, often dividing into two groups to take different bus lines (Greyhound or National Trailways). Between Washington and Petersburg, they encountered no trouble; indeed, there was evidence that the Morgan decision had begun to take effect. At Petersburg, however, one of the Negro members of the Journey was ar-

rested for sitting in the second seat from the front of a bus. The charge was "disorderly conduct for not obeying a reasonable request of the bus driver." The trial has been indefinitely postponed pending a state supreme court decision on a similar case.

At the trial several weeks later, the two white men received sentences—to be appealed—of "thirty days on the road," while one of the Negroes arrested was fined court costs only—about eight dollars—and the other was fined \$25 and costs. At first the judge sentenced one of the whites to six months, but when the prosecutor pointed out that the maximum sentence was thirty days, the judge reduced the sentence with the remark, "I can't keep all these things in my little head."

After the arrest in Chapel Hill, members of the Journey were chased by a group of taxi drivers to the house of a friendly white Presbyterian minister, Charles Jones. The taxi men threatened the minister and his family, and the men on the Journey decided to leave immediately for Greensboro. Later, in Asheville, a Negro and a white member of the group were arrested, this time frankly for violating the state Jim Crow laws. Subsequently, the two men were convicted and sentenced to thirty days under the supervision of the highway commissioner. The sentence will naturally be appealed.

It was a group of men exhibiting the somewhat taut morale of ten arrests that I encountered in Knoxville. The whites were beginning to know the terror that many Negroes have to live with all the days of their lives. All members of the party were dead tired, not only from the constant tenseness, but also from participating in many meetings and conferences at every stop. There were press conferences, public rallies to secure expenses for the journey, and conferences with liberal white and Negro leaders for follow-up work by local residents. After a typical day of these activities in Knoxville, Nathan Wright, a young Negro church social worker from Cincinnati, and I, were selected to make a bus test from Knoxville to Nashville. George Houser went along as an unidentified observer.

Wright and I bought separate interstate bus tickets reading Knoxville to Louisville, Kentucky, via Nashville. I was one of the first to board the bus shortly before midnight. I took the fourth seat from the front. Wright entered the bus five minutes later and sat down next to me. Slowly heads began to turn around and within five minutes the driver asked Wright to go to the back of the bus. Wright answered, "I prefer to sit here." I said Wright and I were friends, that we were riding together, that we could legally do so because of the Morgan decision. The bus driver then pleaded, "Wouldn't you like to move?" We said we would like to stay where we were. The driver left the bus, apparently to talk to bus officials and police. After much ogling by passen-

gers and bus employees (although it was then midnight and the departure had been delayed almost half an hour), the driver finally reappeared and started the bus, without any more words to us.

We had overcome the first obstacle—arrest by Knoxville police—but as we were riding through the outskirts of Knoxville, we realized that the hard part of the Journey was still ahead. Ours was the first night test of the entire Journey. The southern night, to Northerners at least, is full of vigilante justice and the lynch rope from pine trees if not palms. We wondered whether, despite the current long-distance telephone strike, the bus company—or one of its more militant employees—would telephone ahead for a road block and vigilantes to greet us in one of the Tennessee mountain towns. Neither



of us slept a moment that night. We just watched the road.

At the two rest stops, we kept our seats. Police squad cars were on hand at both places, but nobody questioned us. Early in the morning, a half hour before we arrived in Nashville, the bus filled with city commuters. White women, and a few white men, stood in the aisle while Wright and I sat in our fourth seat from the front. The flower of southern womanhood, if she rode the bus at all, stood in the aisle that morning, while a young Negro sat up front! Yet the reaction of the passengers on the trip was not one of evident anger and certainly not of violence. It was first surprise, then astonishment, and even titling. On that bus, anyway, there was only apathy, certainly no eager leadership in preserving the ways of the Old South.

We arrived in Nashville early in the morning, exhausted, relieved, and with a bit of the exhilaration of the adventurer. Ours was probably the first interracial bus trip made between Knoxville and Nashville, U. S. A. Once in Nashville, Wright and I spoke before classes at three colleges and planned the second stage of our particular part of the Journey: the first train test from Nashville to Louisville. I secured two coach reservations on the Louisville & Nashville's "Hummingbird," an all-reserved coach. We left just before midnight. We entered the coach separately, and Wright had no difficulty. Few passengers noted his presence.

The conductor took our tickets without incident. Soon thereafter he tapped me on the shoulder, pointed to Wright, and whispered, "He's your prisoner, isn't he?" I said he was not. Then the conductor asked, "Why, then is he sitting here?" I replied that we had reservations together. The conductor said that was impossible and asked Wright to go back to the Jim Crow coach. Wright said he preferred to sit where he was, and the recent interpretation of the Morgan case made it legal for him to do so. The conductor muttered that he never had had to face this situation before and that if we were riding back in Alabama he wouldn't have to face it: the passengers would throw us both out of the window. In the end the conductor merely took our names and did not put us off the train at Bowling Green—the only stop. A white passenger passed me a note indicating that we could get in touch with her as a witness if we encountered any legal trouble.

I had to leave the Journey at Louisville, but most of the men went on: Roanoke, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, and back to Washington. Several other train tests were made, again without trouble. Two more arrests occurred, however, on bus tests in Amherst and Culpepper, Virginia. Both trials were postponed pending the outcome of the Virginia Supreme Court decision on a similar case.

Before enumerating the significant conclusions of the Journey, I would like to give my personal reaction toward trying to challenge Jim Crow in the South, a challenge which had the sanction of the Supreme Court of the land notwithstanding. This was not my first trip to the South, but it was my first sustained flouting of Jim Crow in the South. In the North—in Chicago—a white person can easily enough become embroiled in racial violence perpetrated against him by his fellow whites: stonings, assaults on property, anonymous threats. Yet in the North a white person challenging discrimination always feels the law is on his side, if not always the police. And a white person can easily seek refuge after his forays for justice in the relative safety of his own house, certainly in the houses of his white or Negro friends—or, in an extremity, the protective custody of a jail.

Yet when a white traveler reaches the South—and is prepared to do no more than question the need for a colored waiting room—he feels completely on his own, isolated. In these situations, the traveler (I am not speaking of the old resident) can feel only the strength of his convictions plus the support of preciously few Negro and white citizens. There is no refuge for the stranger in the South—not even deep in the Negro community and not in the white one. It is probably like a visitor's living in a totalitarian state—without an American passport! So, in the South, a white person on a project such as the Journey, gets that cold sweat within him which makes him both constantly fearful and everlastingly fearless, an emotion a white feels only fleetingly in the North, an emotion per-

haps not unlike that experienced by those on the Underground Railroad. But why look for comparisons? It is an emotion most of the fourteen million Negro Americans experience every waking hour of their day, and doubtless in their dreams, too.

Perhaps the most important factual conclusion of the Journey is simply that the Morgan decision in terms of unsegregated interstate bus travel has not penetrated the South much beyond Richmond, Virginia. Where the decision is elsewhere understood, various attempts are made, principally by bus companies, to circumvent it. At least the experience of the Journey shows that southern practices vary widely both with law enforcement officers and with bus companies: there were no arrests in Tennessee and Kentucky and no arrests from incidents on Greyhound buses.

The sociological conclusions of the Journey are tentative. With the barrier between the races down, if only for one bus trip, confusion reigns in the attitudes and habit-patterns of both whites and Negroes. This often leads, on the part of the dominant group, to frustration and frequently to aggression. During the entire Journey, however, there was no overt violence initiated by any of the bus passengers. The one instance of violence was perpetrated by onlookers in Chapel Hill, North Carolina—and against a white member of the party. Whites in these situations are frequently in more danger than Negroes; they are traitors to their race! Indeed, a North Carolina judge hearing two of the cases told an attorney he had much more contempt for whites than for Negroes in such a situation, and showed it by doling out a discriminatory sentence against one of the whites. The chief source of danger is apparently from onlookers who generally get their information second hand, from rumors, and are incited by them.

During the trips where Negroes and whites rode in buses together, there tended to be apathy on the part of white passengers unless the bus driver raised the issue of segregation. Then the passengers would react. Again, how they reacted depended upon leadership from the driver. Where the driver acted fairly, the passengers tended to follow his lead. When a white soldier tried to raise the issue of segregation with the driver in a mountain town in western North Carolina, the driver effectively squelched him with the comment, "Don't blame this man (one of the Negroes in the party): if you want to do something about this, kill those bastards up in Washington!" The police, in the experience of the Journey, uniformly acted in a circumspect manner and this did much to discourage uncontrollable reaction from outsiders.

A word should be said about the results of the interracial, non-violent technique used throughout the Journey. The interracial character of each group made it possible to transform every tension situation into a difference between some white and Negroes against other whites and—understandably but regret-

(Continued on page 7)



## II. Epiphany

(Continued from page 1)

into water at Cana, and the baptism by John the Baptist at the Jordan. In the first, the Redeemer was shown forth to the Gentiles, in token of the great mission Christianity was to have among them. In the second, Christ first manifested His power, that power that gave evidence of God's confirmation of His claim to be the Messiah. And in the third we have God's own voice and the apparition of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove manifesting our Lord's divine mission of Saviour. And if at the Mass we were adoring Kings, we were also guests at the wedding feast and spectators at the tremendous scene on the banks of the Jordan. But not only historically do we see all this. To us, gathered about the altar of our parish church, Christ has been made manifest as He now is—the reigning Christ, glorified, risen from the dead, ascended into heaven—and we adore Him as did the Kings, the guests, the spectators in whose place we stand today.

The second reference—the carryover into our own life—follows from the first. We to whom Christ has been made manifest are now flesh of His Flesh, truly living with His supernatural life (sanctifying grace), and we must be the means of His "epiphany" to the world we live in.

This is true of every Mass attended, for every Mass celebrates the mysteries by which we were redeemed. Monsignor Hellriegel (*The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, pp. 64, 65) says:

"*Ita Missa est!*" Solemnly the Church dismisses her sanctified sons and daughters. Not with a mechanical, cold: "You can go, the Mass is ended," but with that spirit in which the Lord commissioned His apostles: "*Ita, go ye into the whole world!*" *Ita*, so also go YOU forth as apostles of Christ. Carry the divine fire from the altar into the world, into your home, into your shop, into your fields, into the hearts of men. . . . "There was a man sent by God," John, yes, but also you and I, "to give testimony of the light." To give testimony of Christ, the light, is our first business. We are not the light, we are only the lantern of the light. We must decrease. He must increase. In every holy Mass God sends us "to give testimony of the light," testimony by our thoughts, words, and actions, testimony by a truly Christian life—a Christian is another Christ. . . .

Salvation is to be extended to each of us by other members of the Mystical Body, the priests, ministers of the means of grace, whose work is official, and ourselves to each other, brother to brother, whose work is supplementary to theirs. Our office, purpose, mission is to bring Christ to the world we live in, to show Him forth to our associates. Our very life must be an epiphany.

In view of this, Epiphany is a great feast of the lay apostolate. But let it not be thought that means only those who belong to the active membership of an organized group; every Christian—every fully alive one—is a lay apostle.

## Incident in Mexico

(Continued from page 1)

among us, but we admit that we are thieves and call the street where we peddle out stolen wares 'Thieves' Market.' We do not call it Wall Street. And when we offer some of the loot to Our Lady, we do so because we admit we have done wrong and, not knowing always to whom to return the goods, we offer them to Our Lady.

"Oh, I'm not trying to excuse and justify the crimes of Mexicans, but I'm trying to show how healthy is a sense of values that recognizes evil for evil and good for good. It used to be that when people committed crimes they felt the remorse that accused the modern mind refuses even to recognize evil as evil.

"As for the peasant woman, that too betrays a lack of understanding and values in your tourists. And what they understand least, those of them that are Catholic, is their own religion. True, it is part of our warm-blooded temperament to be casual with God and often to make ourselves too much at home in His house. I myself become angry at times when children are too boisterous in church. But isn't that very much like what most of us know as home? Is it not at home that the frequent boisterousness that is corrected in children indicates love rather than disrespect and the familiarity and ease that comes with true family unity?

"I have been to your United States. They say that the Little Sisters of the Poor put the statue of St. Joseph in the coal bin whenever their prayers are slow in being answered. Is that disrespectful?

"Well, people can think this peasant woman disrespectful if they want to, but they do not know what they are saying, for they do not understand what she said . . . what was in her heart when she said it. Do you know why she was scolding Our Lady? She was scolding her because Mary has let her son die.

"You see, this woman has not been educated to be well-groomed, she has not learned the fine art of manners in church. When she went to school there were not enough nuns to go around, so she didn't learn how artfully to fold her hands and keep quiet in church. She learned that God is her Father and Mary is her Mother and that the church is her home. Her only education is love without bureaucratic charity, prayer without manners. If she scolds the statue what does that mean? It means that Mary is more than a statue to her. It means that Mary is real to her. For one cannot become angry except with someone real.

"This scolding then is one way of saying, 'Go ahead, take my son if you want him that badly, take my daughter and my husband too, but if you think that will stop me from loving you, you're crazy! I don't care if you are my mother, you've got this bawling out coming to you. You've been a little neglectful of your children lately, and I'm not going to let you forget

## Journey of Reconciliation

(Continued from page 6)

tably—Negroes, not between all whites on the one hand and all Negroes on the other. This tended to prevent the obvious tension from becoming primarily racial tension. Likewise, when crisis situations occurred, the participants on the trip behaved in a non-violent manner. They showed consideration for police, bus drivers and conductors, and treated them all as though they were only doing the jobs as they had learned to do them and as being products rather than eager victims of their segregated society. Thus the participants spoke freely, honestly and quietly, and tried to understand the attitude of the other without agreeing with it. This was not only good principle; it paid off in concrete results: as elsewhere noted, in no instance was there mistreatment of a member of the Journey by a bus driver, a train conductor, or an officer of the law. (During the Journey, the press reported that a Negro had been killed for objecting in allegedly a violent manner to being segregated on a southern train.)

It is difficult to assess the southern reaction to the Journey. Many southern white students and most southern NAACP branches welcomed it. Some Southerners, including some self-styled liberal Southerners, felt that the Journey "stirred up trouble"—which it did. Any significant attempt to lessen segregation in the South will stir up trouble—a trouble which has been created by segregation and which will probably not be eliminated without a great deal of stirring.

The repercussions of the Journey in at least one town are significant but hardly typical, since the town is Chapel Hill, the seat of the liberal University of North Carolina. The only incident of violence, as I have said, occurred here, and several of the participants on the Journey were arrested; others were subsequently chased into the parsonage of Charles Jones, the Presbyterian minister. Although the men on the Journey left town almost immediately thereafter, Jones and his family continued to be threatened. Jones' family finally agreed to leave town for a while, but Jones refused to bow to the threats. Some students from the campus—notably members of the American Veterans Committee—took turns guarding Jones' house. Other students supported him editorially in the campus newspaper. Several southern papers called the Journey—with which several Communist-front organizations refused to co-operate—a Communist intrigue, and the Chapel Hill paper misrepresented the situation by alleging that Jones' participation in the Journey divided his church. Actually, Jones' board—on which sits University of North Carolina president Frank P. Graham—sup-

ported him handsomely, although some money for his student work was later withdrawn at least temporarily by denominational officials.

ported him handsomely, although some money for his student work was later withdrawn at least temporarily by denominational officials.

What, finally, did the Journey of Reconciliation accomplish? It showed progressive Americans that the Morgan decision must be implemented by constant "testing"—in the spirit of goodwill—and by subsequent law enforcement. The Journey helped implement the decision at least by spreading knowledge of it to bus drivers and some law-enforcement officers (both policemen and judges) in the upper South. The Journey also showed whites and Negroes living in that area that the Morgan decision could be enforced, without disastrous results, if the proper psychological and legal techniques were used. The Journey gave these techniques—and accompanying inspiration—to thousands of whites and Negroes

in the South; and a simple manual for Southerners who want to make their own journeys of reconciliation is in the process of preparations. Already, spontaneous, often one-man, testing expeditions have been undertaken. Already, and much more important, local committees are being formed. In one southern city, as a direct result of the Journey, a committee of lawyers has been established to offer free legal aid to any person who observes the law according to the Morgan decision and thereby breaks the customs. And there is talk of an interracial team of young women, recruited from North and South, invading the South even further sometime soon to extend the Morgan decision into the land of Talmadge, Rankin and Bilbo.

But that surely will be material for another story! —Reprint from *Common Ground*.

## OF BOOKS

### Review of *Knock on Any Door* By Willard Motley

Suppose that you set out to describe the corruption of Chicago's skid row and the area fringing it, in a novel you hoped would arouse the city fathers and the citizenry at large to think of the slums in terms of human waste and human tragedy; suppose further that, after months and years of painful research, you had accumulated a morbid mass of damning evidence of what the glib words "blighted area" mean in terms of easy vice, police brutality, and the degraded and one influence corroding youthful character.

This is the task novelist Willard Motley undertook for himself six or seven years ago. Motley, now 35, had been writing studiously and unsuccessfully since he was a kid. Out in Denver one day while he was on the bum, he met a youngster in a reformatory. The kid criminal was hard as nails and, still in his teens, a confirmed enemy of society. Already he seemed beyond redemption. Motley was interested. He took a liking to the boy and got to wondering what made him what he was. Thus was born the idea for "Knock on Any Door." The boy in the Colorado reformatory, a product of the slums, became the prototype for the book's bitter, cynical, handsome Nick Romano.

It took years to write the book. Motley didn't go about it in any romantic half-cocked fashion. He picked out his slum in Chicago, moved into a rat-infested hole, bought a notebook and began to look around, to ask questions and to listen carefully. He made the rounds: cheap saloons; over-crowded tenements; airless, toilet-less police stations; churches and schools; social settlements and tough-guy hangouts. He talked to all kinds of people: nervous, frenzied mothers and tired fathers who found the neighborhood effect on their kids too much for them; priests, ministers, teachers and social workers; whores, pimps, alcoholics, homosexuals, jack-rollers, 26-girls, stick-up men and politicians. Mostly he talked to the kids in the neighborhood, the pitifully knowing little girls and their

rough, tough, slum-canny brothers. He caught the tempo of the district, fixed its contours in his mind; and being a talented novelist, he somehow managed to chain his total impression to paper. Finally he created Nicky Romano, symbol of its people, and told a story that dramatically symbolized the price society plays for its slums.

The novel isn't pretty. The details are sordid and brutal, as sordid as a Madison street hall-bedroom rendezvous, as brutal as an alley knifing. Motley is never sensational and there are sure indications of deliberate restraint in the

all that, "Knock on Any Door" is no book for children. There are some who say it is no book for adults either. Several Catholic book lists have banned it classing it with things like "Forever Amber" and "Memoirs of Hecate County." On the contrary, an experienced old priest who serves in the parish church to which Nicky should have gone, said: "I think this book should be read by every mature person who hopes to work in the apostolate; it will help him better to understand what he's up against."

"Knock on Any Door" follows young Nick Romano from the time his altar boy, hoping to be a priest, through his initiation to the frightful giant occasion of sin, which is a big-city slum to his death—untouched and unrepentant, to the end—in an electric chair for the brutal killing of a brutal cop.

There are many reactions to the book. Some say the author stresses environment too much and underplays the importance of free will. That may be true though Motley certainly never explicitly denies the freedom of the will. Others say Motley is too sordid and persistently sees only the dark side of the picture; but it should be remembered that he wasn't writing an Horatio Alger tale, nor "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" either. Others have said that there is too much sex in the book, though moral depravity screams from the streets of Chicago's skid row. Some policemen don't like the book because Motley isn't generally easy on the police, though there are decent cops in his

(Continued on page 8)



## Inter-Racial Housing Sound, New York 'Experiments' Show

By CHARLES ABRAMS  
Post Housing Adviser

Since July 250 families of U.N. personnel have been living in a Flushing housing project managed by U.N. and built by New York City's savings banks. The tenants are Negroes, Chinese, and others drawn from 35 nations, a fair proportion are Americans. Rents are \$25 monthly per room.

Despite mixed occupancy, there is a long waiting list for the 680 apartments the completed project will contain. It has been successful in every way. The experience is significant because U.N. last July almost drifted into a Jim Crow policy in Cooper Village. Due to protests by its staff the contract was cancelled.

What is little known in America is that there are 134 public housing projects where Negroes and whites have been mixed for a decade. Negro occupancy ranges from a token tenancy to 70 per cent of project population. I consider mixed occupancy in housing the most significant advance on the race issue since the Emancipation Proclamation.

It would have been important if only one such venture had succeeded. But reports almost uniformly contain such phrases as "points with pride to the harmony," "we have operated the projects without difficulty," "the experiment has been very successful in every way," "building real democracy," etc.

New York City has had mixed occupancy since 1935. Its federal projects show about the following ratios:

Project	Total occupancy	Negroes
Williamsburgh	1,622	34
Red Hook	2,045	127
Queensbridge	2,149	123
Vladeck	1,331	14
So. Jamaica	445	241
East River	1,170	124
Kingsboro	1,106	550
Clason Point	400	7
Marham	360	36

In none are Negroes segregated and in none has there been friction. "The experiment," says the Authority, "if you wish to term it an experiment, has been a very successful one in every way."

There have of course been

problems and headaches. In Chicago, Negroes were moved into a project too small to create its own environment, causing a riot by adjoining neighbors. Projects tenanted by a majority of Negroes have discouraged applications by whites. Again, where the Negro families have only a token member or are all isolated in a part of the project, they may not participate in inter-racial activities.

Southern Negroes and southern whites in war production areas brought their fears, prejudices and tensions with them. But in the mixed prewar and war projects there was an almost uniform demonstration of successful inter-racial living. The success of the bi-racial war projects for higher-paid skilled workers confirms that a properly organized project for mixed higher-income families would succeed too.

It seems that where Negroes are integrated with whites into self-contained communities without segregation, make daily contact with their cotenants, and share the same privileges, concerns and responsibilities, initial tensions will subside, co-operation ensues, and an environment is created in which inter-racial harmony is attained.

Most of the 1,200,000 new apartments New York City will need by 1970 will be in such large self-contained projects, both public and private. It is in these that the fears of mass invasion by a minority no longer exists. Thus, whereas it may be difficult to achieve racial re-integration under the present pattern of multiple ownerships of small lots, racial re-integration in the future large-scale projects becomes possible.

New York, seat of the United Nations and intellectual capital of the world, has led the way in re-establishing these inter-racial neighborhoods. It must lead, too, in proving that the compact to promote "the fundamental freedoms" so that people will live together in peace with one another as "good neighbors" is more than an exercise in rhetoric. In housing it is now a valid and practical ideal.

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## The Seeds of Prejudice

(Continued from page 1)

knows I'm not prejudiced, but there's no denying that Jews control the banks and newspapers in this country."

Are there facts available that will enable you to recognize this as a prejudiced statement? They are very simple and easy to discover.

Take the press first of all. The great newspaper chains in this country, Scripps-Howard, Hearst, Gannett, McCormick-Patterson, are all owned by non-Jews. More important, possibly, the great news services which feed their wares to every paper in the country are owned and controlled by people who are not Jews. The New York Times is one of the few metropolitan newspapers in this country owned by Jews, and it is a highly respected journal frequently cited as an outstanding example of professional integrity and the highest journalistic ethics.

Studies made in the field of commerce bring the same results. *Fortune* magazine, owned by the non-Jewish publisher of *Time*, recently

prejudice. One type of prejudice is susceptible to treatment by facts. The man who has this type of prejudice is genuinely misinformed; he will change his mind about minority groups if the true facts are pointed out to him.

### Another Type

There is another kind of prejudiced person, however, in whom prejudice is more deeply rooted than any regard for facts or love of truth. You will find this person, for instance, saying that all Jews get rich, that they always end up with the money, that they control finance, business, and the press in this country. Yet almost in the same breath he will be saying that these same Jews, who a minute before were running things, are all Communists.

This type of prejudice shows up in connection with Negroes perhaps more often than anywhere else. Some people are genuinely mistaken about Negroes; they actually believe the folk-lore they picked up in their youth, and they have never come in contact with people who could provide them with the facts necessary to correct their erroneous beliefs.

Again, for people like this, the solution is fairly simple. If they are shown that science makes nonsense of any claims by one group to racial superiority, if they are shown that racism is one of the gravest mockeries of the Christ Who died for us, if the various detailed explanations of historical circumstances are made readily available to them, they will abandon their impossible positions.

### Sample

With the other type of prejudiced person, however, you will encounter a problem which will not be solved merely by the presentation of facts. He will say, for instance, "Negroes should not be allowed to live any place outside of their present area because they ruin property."

You might tell him all about conditions in the crowded Negro community. You might offer to show him those few regions where Negroes have been allowed to build their own communities which are examples of fine, well-kept, and well-loved homes. You might tell him that population density and economic levels are what determine the character of a neighborhood, not any supposed racial or national characteristics. You might say any number of things

which would help to explain the situation.

Nevertheless, when you got through explaining every possible angle in the complicated economic, sociological, scientific, and religious picture, you would still have a person who was prejudiced, if he were of the type impervious to fact. He would simply keep shifting his grounds. As you cut the ground out from under him on one argument, he would simply take up a new position, and the process could be an endless one, a vicious circle in which the final break can only come by the strength of God's grace.

It is one of the limitations of secular agencies that they can work to solve the problem of prejudice with facts alone. Facts are indispensable weapons in combating ignorance, but they are not enough to win the total victory. So too, the elimination of the widespread economic insecurity of the present day world is keenly needed, but the removal of economic fear alone will not be enough.

In the end, the problem of prejudice will be with us, as it has long been, unless a reform is effected in our own hearts. After all the facts have been supplied and the economic fears removed, there is no answer to the problem of prejudice and hate but the great fact of the Incarnation and the message of the New Testament. Only through the grace of God working among us will the final solution be found for this denial in practice of the brotherhood of man.

(From *Today*, Apr. 30, 1947)

## OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 7)

pages. Some teachers and social workers don't like it because the book dramatizes their understandable failures. Some priests and ministers don't like it because even religion is shown to be weak-voiced and timid as a social force. Politicians, stand-patters, and the stubbornly comfortable don't like it because it is a trumpet-loud voice of social conscience.

But it does little good to fulminate against Motley or the book, to withdraw daintily or argue in cold, academic scholia as if "Knock on Any Door" were a thesis to be destroyed in a philosophy class. As long as the monstrous slums of Chicago stand as they are, a dirty phrase on the city's back fence, they will have the awful, final word.

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Direct our lives according to thy good pleasure,  
That in the name of thy beloved Son  
We may be enabled to abound in good works.

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